

HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO

THE HAUNT OF



NO. 7

7 PAGES

7 PAGES



10¢

FEAR

FEATURING...



THE OLD WITCH



THE WRAITH-KEEPER



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



JOHN CRAW

NOSTALGIC 1950s EC COMICS!

HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO

THE HAUNT OF



NO. 7
MAY



200
265
CANADA

FEAR[®]

FEATURING...



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



JOHNNY
CRAIG

THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! YEP! IT'S *ME* AGAIN! *THE OLD WITCH*, MISTRESS OF *THE HAUNT OF FEAR*! COME IN! COME IN! MY CAULDRON IS BUBBLING AND STEAMING WITH ITS EVIL BREW ONCE MORE AND I'M READY TO DISH OUT ANOTHER OF MY TALES OF TERROR! READY? GOOD! THEN DRAW UP CLOSE TO THE CRACKLING FIRE AND GAZE INTO THE SWIRLING CONTENTS OF MY CAULDRON, AND I'LL TELL YOU THE CHILLER I CALL...

ROOM FOR ONE MORE!



MY STORY BEGINS IN THE USUAL PLACE... A *GRAVEYARD*! THE 'HERO' OF MY TALE, YOUNG RODNEY WHITMAN... HIS EYES FILLED WITH TEARS... WATCHES AS THE TWO COFFINS ARE CARRIED INTO THE WHITMAN FAMILY MAUSOLEUM...

THE POOR BOY...
LOSING BOTH OF
HIS PARENTS
THAT WAY!

I SUPPOSE HE'LL
HAVE TO GO AND
LIVE WITH HIS
UNCLE NOW!

SH-H-H-H!
PLEASE...



AFTER THE TWO COFFINS ARE DEPOSITED IN THEIR RESPECTIVE PLACES IN THE MAUSOLEUM, THE SMALL GROUP OF MOURNERS TURNS AND SILENTLY BEGINS TO FILE AWAY! RODNEY, HOWEVER, STANDS STARING INTO THE OPEN CRYPT...

TIGHT-LIPPED, AND CLUTCHING HIS HAT IN HIS LITTLE FISTS, THE BOY ENTERS THE HUGE MAUSOLEUM AND LOOKS AROUND! THE WALLS ARE LINED WITH CASKETS...THE REMAINS OF HIS ANCESTORS! THEN HIS GLANCE FALLS UPON THE TWO *NEW* COFFINS...HIS MOTHER'S AND FATHER'S...

COME, RODNEY!

I'LL...BE ALONG...IN A MOMENT, UNCLE...SOB...

SOMEDAY...SOMEDAY I'LL BE BURIED HERE TOO...AND THEN...WE'LL BE TOGETHER AGAIN, MOMMY...DADDY!

YES! THAT'S HOW MY STORY BEGINS! RODNEY'S PARENTS HAD BEEN KILLED IN AN AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT! AFTER THE FUNERAL, RODNEY WENT TO LIVE WITH HIS AUNT HELEN AND UNCLE ELIAH AND THEIR TWO CHILDREN! AT FIRST IT WAS PLEASANT FOR RODNEY! THEY ALL FELT SORRY FOR HIM! BUT SOON...THINGS GOT PRETTY BAD...

...LIKE... UNCLE ELIAH! WHY CAN'T I HAVE A PONY? ROBERT AND CHARLES EACH HAVE ONE!

SORRY, RODNEY! I CAN'T AFFORD IT!

...AND... WHY...SOB...WHY WON'T YOU LET ME PLAY WITH...YOUR TOYS?

GO AWAY, RODNEY! YOU'RE ONLY A COUSIN...

YES! THINGS GOT PRETTY BAD! SO BAD IN FACT THAT SOMETIMES RODNEY WOULD GO DOWN TO THE CEMETERY AND STAND LOOKING AT THE FAMILY MAUSOLEUM...TEARS STREAMING DOWN HIS CHEEKS! AND HE'D WISH...

I WISH I WERE DEAD. I WISH I WERE BURIED IN THERE...NEXT TO MY MOMMY AND MY DADDY!

BUT EVENTUALLY, CHILDREN GROW UP! AND RODNEY WAS NO EXCEPTION! HE WAS TWENTY WHEN HIS AUNT HELEN DIED! THE FUNERAL WAS HELD ON A BLEAK, GREY DECEMBER DAY! RODNEY WAS A PALL-BEARER...

EASY NOW! WATCH THE DOOR-HANDLE! IT'LL SCRATCH THE...

SH-H-H-H! NO TALKING!

AFTER AUNT HELEN'S CASKET HAD BEEN PUT INTO ITS PROPER NICHE, RODNEY LINGERED WHILE THE OTHER PALL-BEARERS LEFT! HE GAZED LOVINGLY AT THE DUSTY COFFINS OF HIS MOTHER AND FATHER! THEN HIS EYES SWEEPED THE LINED WALLS OF THE MAUSOLEUM! SUDDENLY...

THERE...THERE'S ROOM FOR ONLY ONE MORE COFFIN!

THIS HAD NEVER OCCURRED TO RODNEY! ALL HIS LIFE HE'D PLANNED ON BEING BURIED IN THE WHITMAN FAMILY MAUSOLEUM! HE NEVER DREAMED THERE'D BE NO ROOM FOR HIM...

UNCLE ELIAH!
UNCLE ELIAH!

WHAT IS IT, RODNEY?

LOOK, UNCLE ELIAH! THERE'S SPACE FOR ONLY ONE MORE COFFIN! ONLY ONE MORE...

SOT?

BUT I... I WANT TO BE BURIED HERE IN THE FAMILY MAUSOLEUM, TOO!

THEN YOU'LL HAVE TO BE THE NEXT ONE TO DIE, RODNEY!

HEE, HEE! NOW *ISN'T* THAT A SAD PLIGHT! ONLY ONE MORE PLACE IN THE MAUSOLEUM... AND RODNEY WANTS IT! BUT IN ORDER TO GET IT, HE'S GOT TO BE THE NEXT TO DIE! AND RODNEY... NOW THAT HE'S TWENTY AND BEGINNING TO ENJOY LIFE... DOESN'T WANT TO DIE YET...

...UNCLE ELIAH! HE'LL GET IT! HE'LL GET THE LAST SPOT! HE'S OLD AND SICK! HE'LL DIE NEXT!

NO! I WON'T BE CHEATED OUT OF MY RIGHTFUL PLACE! AFTER THE LAST SPOT IS FILLED, THE REST OF US ARE TO BE BURIED IN THE SOIL! WELL, NOT ME! I'M NOT GOING TO BE STRIPPED OF MY FLESH BY CRAWLING WORMS AND ROTTING GRAVE-MOLD! AFTER I DIE, I WANT TO BE PUT IN A SILK-LINED CASKET... AND PLACED IN THE COOL CLEAN AIR OF THE WHITMAN CRYPT!

AND SO, RODNEY MADE UP HIS MIND! THEY WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO BURY UNCLE ELIAH IF THEY COULDN'T FIND HIS BODY...

THAT YOU, RODNEY?



RODNEY?



RODN... AAAAAAAGH!

IT HAD BEEN SO EASY! UNCLE ELIAH HAD BEEN ALONE IN THE HOUSE! ROBERT AND CHARLES HAD GONE TO A MOVIE! RODNEY HAD GONE OUT TOO... BUT HAD RETURNED...

NOW TO GET RID OF THE BODY, SO THEY'LL NEVER FIND IT...



A FEW MILES FROM ELIAH WHITMAN'S HOUSE WAS A TRACT OF SWAMPLAND CONTAINING SEVERAL QUICK-SAND POOLS! RODNEY DROPPED POOR UNCLE ELIAH INTO ONE OF THESE...

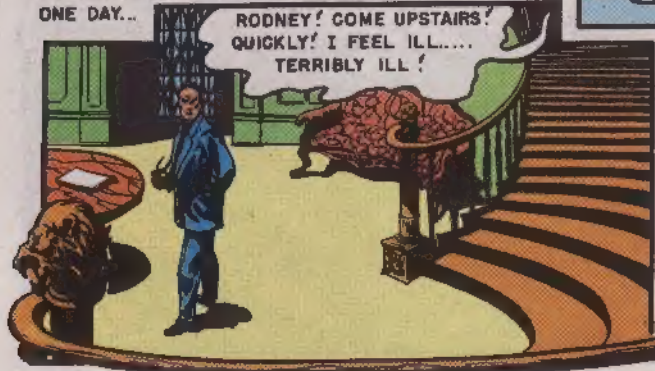
NOW, UNCLE ELIAH, THE NICHE IN THE MAUSOLEUM IS MINE... ALL MINE...

UNCLE ELIAH'S MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE WAS NEVER EXPLAINED! ALL THREE BOYS HAD AIRTIGHT ALIBIS AND SO THE CASE WAS CLOSED! YEARS LATER, UNCLE ELIAH WAS DECLARED LEGALLY DEAD, AND ROBERT AND CHARLES INHERITED HIS WEALTH! RODNEY RECEIVED A SMALL SUM! THEN, ONE DAY...

RODNEY RUSHED TO CHARLES' ROOM! A FEAR CLUTCHED AT HIS HEART! A FEAR THAT CHARLES MIGHT BE DYING...

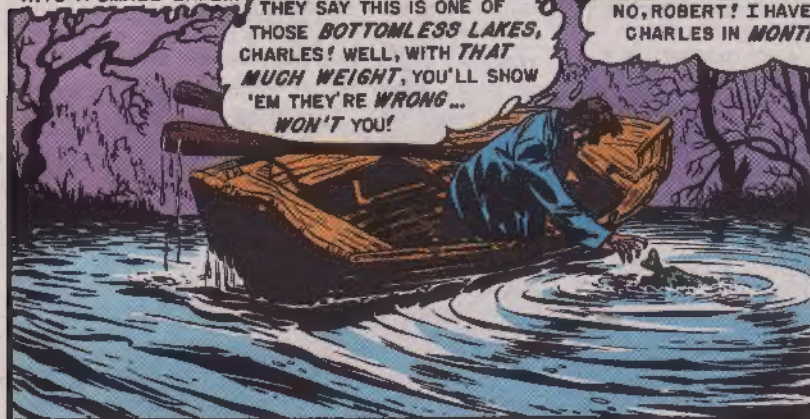
NO! I WON'T LET IT HAPPEN! HE'LL GET MY PLACE... MY PLACE IN THE FAMILY VAULT! NO! I'LL... I'LL HAVE TO GET RID OF HIS BODY... LIKE ELIAH'S...

RODNEY! COME UPSTAIRS! QUICKLY! I FEEL ILL... TERRIBLY ILL!





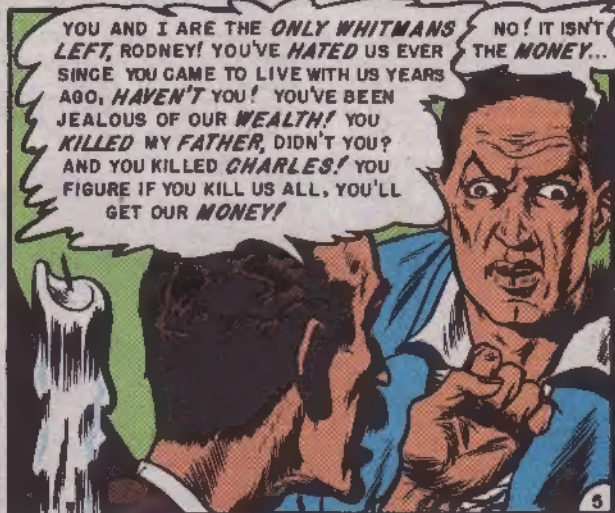
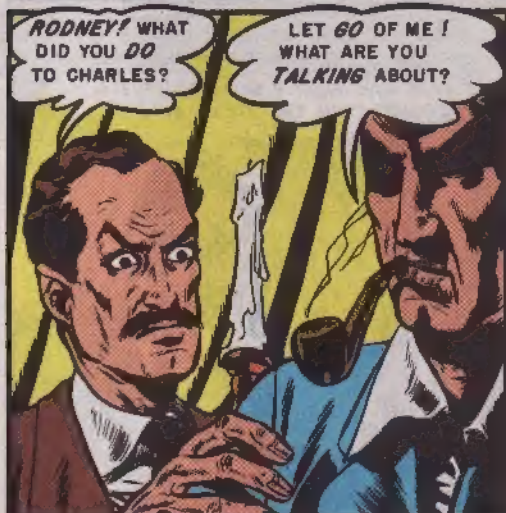
IT WAS SO SIMPLE! RODNEY TIED HEAVY WEIGHTS TO POOR UNFORTUNATE CHARLES AND DROPPED HIM INTO A SMALL LAKE...



THEN, WHEN ROBERT RETURNED FROM ABROAD...

NO, ROBERT! I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM CHARLES IN MONTHS!

FUNNY! HE'S DISAPPEARED!



RODNEY'S FACE PALED! HE REALIZED WHAT HE HAD JUST SAID...

THEN... THEN WHAT IS IT, RODNEY?

ALL RIGHT! I'LL TELL YOU!

IT'S THAT LAST SPOT IN THE FAMILY CRYPT! IT'S MINE, DO YOU HEAR? AND NO ONE IS GOING TO TAKE IT FROM ME!

YOU... YOU KILLED MY FATHER AND MY BROTHER FOR THAT?

YES! AND I'M GOING TO KILL YOU, TOO!

YOU'RE MAD, RODNEY! MAD!



YES, RODNEY WAS MAD, DEAR READER! MAD ENOUGH TO KILL! AND HE DID! THEN HE BURIED ROBERT IN THE CELLAR...

NOW, THIS MANSION IS MINE! NO ONE WILL LOOK FOR YOU HERE, ROBERT! I'LL JUST CEMENT OVER THIS SPOT AGAIN!



AND SO, THE LAST PLACE IN THE WHITMAN FAMILY MAUSOLEUM NOW BELONGED TO RODNEY WHITMAN... ABSOLUTELY...

YES, SIR?

I'D LIKE TO SEE YOUR GOFFINS! I WANT TO PICK ONE OUT... FOR MYSELF!



RODNEY ORDERED HIS COFFIN AND HAD IT PLACED IN HIS NICHE IN THE FAMILY VAULT! EVERY SO OFTEN HE WOULD GO DOWN TO THE GEMETERY AND POLISH THE BRASS HINGES AND LOCKS...

MY GOFFIN ... IN MY SPOT... AND NO ONE CAN TAKE IT FROM ME!

AND THEN ONE NIGHT, AS RODNEY SAT IN THE HUGE LIVING ROOM OF THE MANSION HE HAD 'INHERITED'...

WHAT WAS THAT? SOUNDED LIKE A NOISE... IN THE CELLAR!



RODNEY WAS RIGHT! WHAT HE HAD
HEARD WAS THE CEMENT OF THE
CELLAR FLOOR...CRACKING OPEN...



...AND THE ROTTED HANDS OF
ROBERT WHITMAN PUSHING
UPWARD INTO THE BLACKNESS...



AND FAR AWAY, ON THE SHORE OF A
SMALL LAKE, A BLOATED, FISH-
MARRED CORPSE STRUGGLED ALONG
THE BEACH...DRAGGING THE HEAVY
WEIGHTS CHAINED TO ITS LEGS!
CHARLES WHITMAN...



AND IN THE SWAMPLAND, FROM A
GURGling, SUCKING QUICKSAND
POOL, A HEAD AND SHOULDERS
ROSE FROM THE SURFACE... SAND
POURING FROM THE MOUTH CAVITY
AND EYE SOCKETS OF **ELIAH
WHITMAN...**



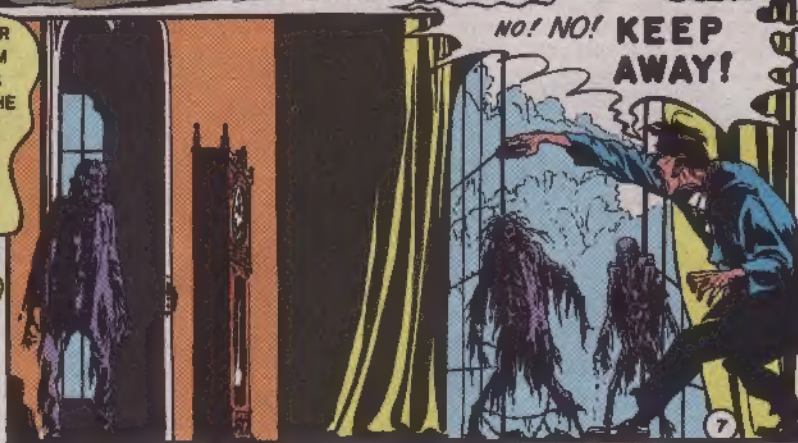
INSIDE THE WHITMAN MANSION,
RODNEY BEGAN TO SHIVER! A
STRANGE FEELING CAME OVER HIM!
THE SENSATION OF **FEAR...**



CHARLES AND ELIAH MET COMING
ACROSS THE GREEN LAWN... AND
THEY STUMBLED TOWARD THE
HOUSE TOGETHER...



AS IF IT WERE TIMED BY A MASTER
DIRECTOR, ROBERT BURST FROM
THE CELLAR DOOR AS CHARLES
AND ELIAH BROKE THROUGH THE
FRENCH WINDOWS! ROBERT...
ROTTED AND DECOMPOSED!
CHARLES... BLOATED AND DRAG-
GING THE HEAVY WEIGHTS!
ELIAH... SAND AND FLESH
DROPPING FROM HIS
WHITENED BONES!



**NO! NO! KEEP
AWAY!**

OUTSIDE THE WHITMAN MANSION, THE STILL NIGHT AIR WAS PIERCED BY AN AGONIZING SHRIEK...



LATER... IN THE CELLAR... ROBERT WHITMAN TOSSED A SACK INTO THE GRAVE HE HAD DUG HIMSELF OUT OF! THEN HE BEGAN TO COVER IT OVER...



WHILE OUT AT THE LAKE, CHARLES WHITMAN TOSSED *HIS* SACK... TIED WITH THE WEIGHTS HE HAD DRAGGED... INTO THE MURKY WATER...



AND IN THE SWAMPLAND, ELIAH WHITMAN TOSSED THE SACK CONTAINING *HIS* SHARE OF RODNEY WHITMAN INTO THE GURGLING QUICKSAND...



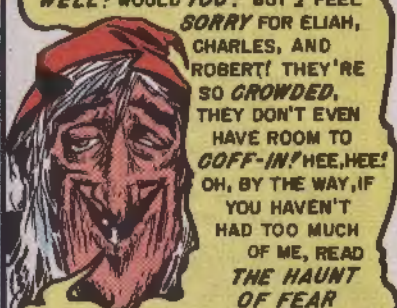
AND IF ANYONE HAPPENED TO BE AROUND THE GEMETERY THAT NIGHT, THEY WOULD HAVE SEEN A BRUESOME SIGHT! THREE DECOMPOSED, ROTTED, FOUL-SMELLING CORPSES CROSSING OVER THE SOFT GRAVES...



IN CASE YOU'RE INTERESTED, THE WHITMAN MAUSOLEUM IS FULL NOW! THE LAST NICHE TO BE FILLED IS *REALLY* FULL! THREE BODIES ARE NEATLY STACKED IN THE CASKET THAT RODNEY WHITMAN HAD HOPEFULLY PURCHASED FOR HIMSELF...



HEE, HEE! AND THAT'S MY TALE, DEAR READER! POOR RODNEY! HE DOESN'T KNOW *WHERE* HE'S AT! *WELL?* WOULD *YOU?* BUT *I* FEEL

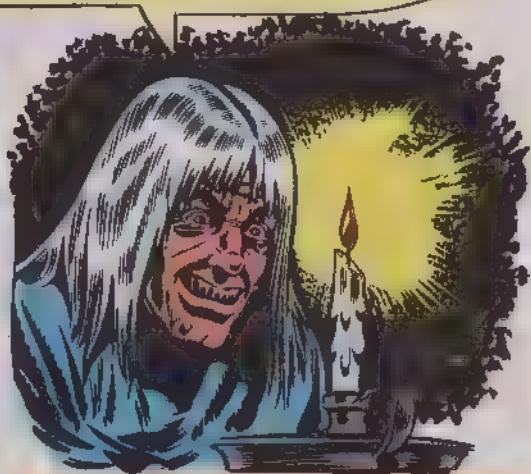
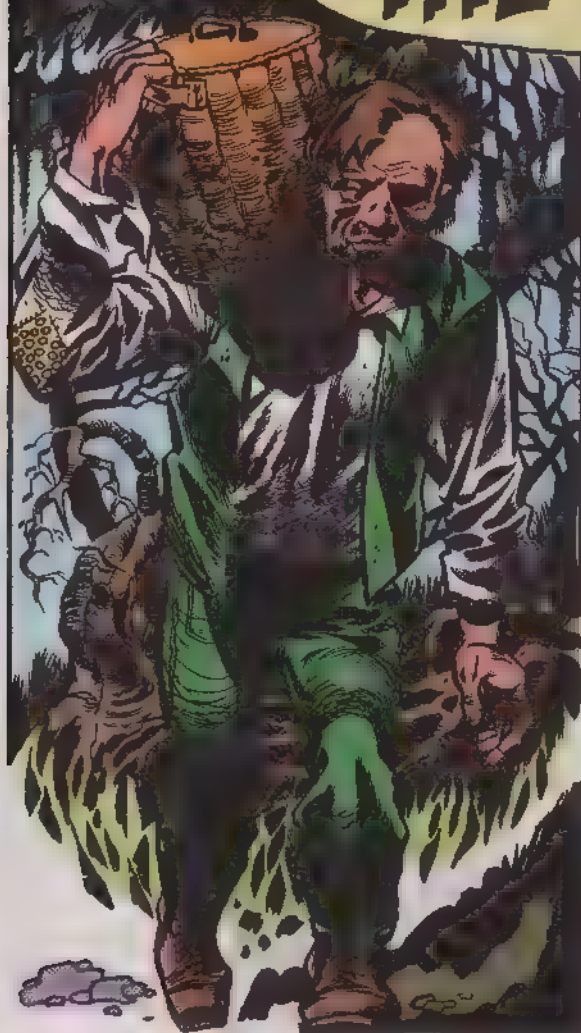


STORY IN CRIME SUSPENSTORIES! YOU CAN GO ON TO THE CRYPT-KEEPER NOW! HE'S WAITING FOR YOU!

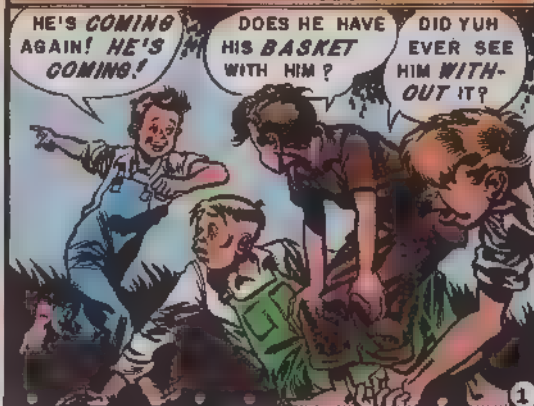
THE CRYPT OF TERROR

NOW THAT YOU'VE TASTED THE SICKLY BREW OF THAT UGLY CRONE, *THE OLD WITCH*, AND ARE THOROUGHLY NAUSEATED, IT'S *MY* TURN! HERE'S A TALE FROM MY COLLECTION HERE IN THE *CRYPT* THAT I'M SURE WILL MAKE YOUR HAIR STAND ON END! SO COME CLOSE TO YOUR OLD *CRYPT-KEEPER*! I WANT TO WATCH YOUR FACES PALE FROM THE YARN I CALL...

THE BASKET!



MY STORY HAS ITS BEGINNING ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A SMALL TOWN! A BREATHLESS BOY RUSHES UP TO A GROUP OF CHILDREN HUDDLED OVER AN ENGROSSING GAME OF MARBLES...

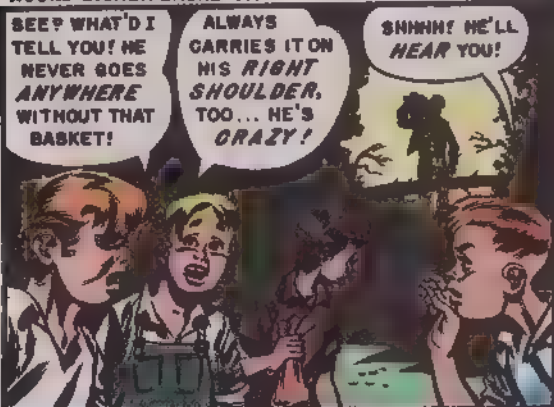


HE'S COMING AGAIN! HE'S COMING!

DOES HE HAVE HIS BASKET WITH HIM?

DID YUH EVER SEE HIM WITHOUT IT?

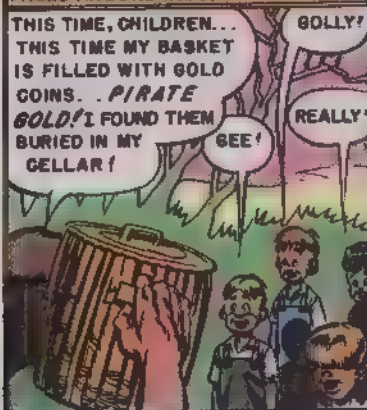
THE WIDE-EYED EXPECTANT FACES OF THE CHILDREN ALL TURN IN THE DIRECTION OF THE STRANGE FIGURE WALKING TOWARD THEM! ON HIS RIGHT SHOULDER, HE CARRIES A ROUND WICKER BASKET...



THE MAN CARRYING THE WICKER BASKET COMES UP TO THE SMALL GROUP OF CHILDREN AND SMILES...



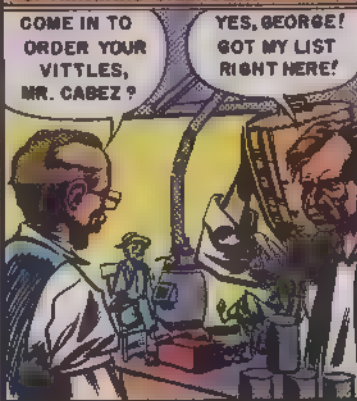
MR. CABEZ, STILL HOLDING THE BASKET ON HIS RIGHT SHOULDER, SMILES DOWN AT THE SHINING UPTURNED FACES AROUND HIM...



MR. CABEZ CONTINUES ON DOWN THE ROAD WHISTLING A TUNE! THE CHILDREN WATCH HIM AS HE GOES...



THE SQUEEKY SCREEN DOOR OF THE TOWN GENERAL STORE SHRIEKS A WARNING AS MR. CABEZ ENTERS! THE LAUGHTER AND TALK OF THE MEN AROUND THE POT-BELLIED STOVE DIE SUDDENLY, AND THERE IS A MOMENT OF AWKWARD SILENCE...



AS MR. CABEZ TURNS TO GO, HE LOOKS TOWARD THE SILENT MEN SEATED ABOUT THE STOVE...



MR. CABEZ STANDS FOR A MOMENT... THEN SHRUGS AND LEAVES! THE SLAM OF THE SCREEN DOOR IS THE SIGNAL FOR TALK AMONG THE MEN TO BEGIN ONCE AGAIN...





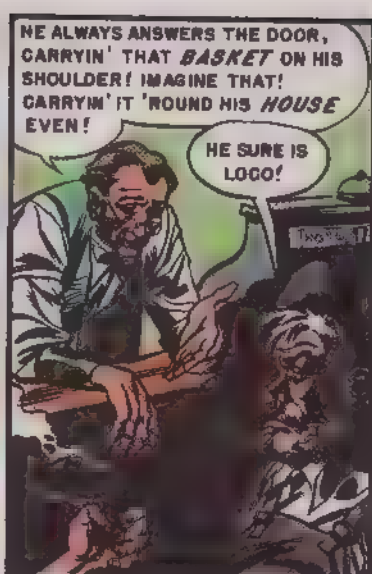
I WONDER WHY HE CARRIES THAT THERE BASKET 'ROUND WITH HIM?

HE'S **CRAZY**, THAT'S WHY! AIN'T I RIGHT, **GEORGE**?

SURE ARE, **LUKE**!



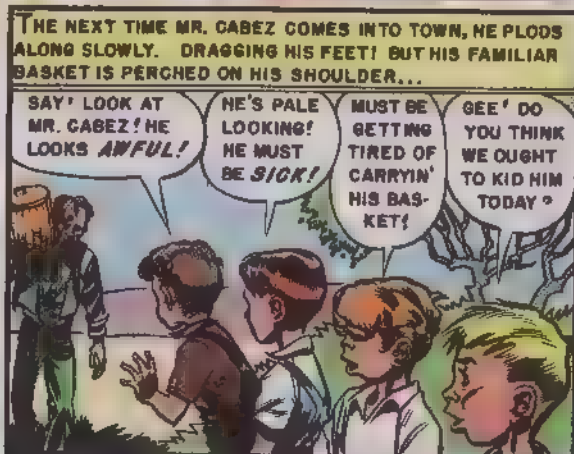
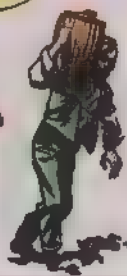
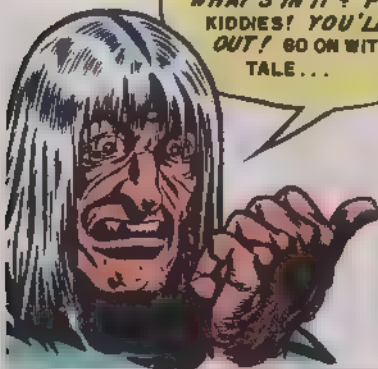
SEE THIS HERE SLIP O' PAPER? IT'S HIS VITTLES ORDER! YOU KNOW WHAT I SEE EVERYTIME I DELIVER AN ORDER UP TO HIS PLACE?



HE ALWAYS ANSWERS THE DOOR, CARRYIN' THAT **BASKET** ON HIS SHOULDER! IMAGINE THAT! CARRYIN' IT 'ROUND HIS **HOUSE** EVEN!

HE SURE IS **LOGO**!

YES! THAT'S THE WAY MY STORY BEGINS! THAT'S WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON IN THIS TOWN FOR YEARS AND YEARS! EVEN LONGER THAN THE CHILDREN CAN REMEMBER, VINCENT CABEZ HAS BEEN LUGGING THAT WICKER BASKET AROUND! **WHAT'S IN IT? PATIENCE, KIDDIES! YOU'LL FIND OUT! GO ON WITH MY TALE...**



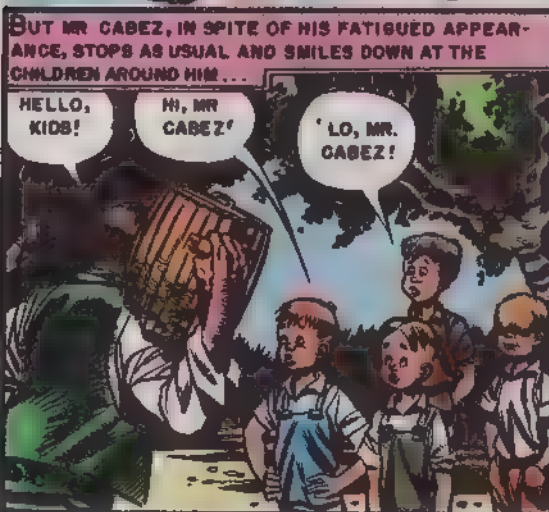
THE NEXT TIME MR. CABEZ COMES INTO TOWN, HE PLODS ALONG SLOWLY. DRAGGING HIS FEET! BUT HIS FAMILIAR BASKET IS PERCHED ON HIS SHOULDER...

SAY! LOOK AT MR. CABEZ! HE LOOKS **AWFUL**!

HE'S PALE LOOKING! HE MUST BE **SICK**!

MUST BE GETTING TIRED OF CARRYIN' HIS **BASKET**!

GEE! DO YOU THINK WE OUGHT TO KID HIM TODAY?



BUT MR. CABEZ, IN SPITE OF HIS FATIGUED APPEARANCE, STOPS AS USUAL AND SMILES DOWN AT THE CHILDREN AROUND HIM...

HELLO, **KIDS**!

HI, MR. CABEZ!

'LO, MR. CABEZ!



WHAT'S WRONG, **KIDS**? CAT GOT YOUR TONGUES? ISN'T ANYONE GOING TO ASK ME WHAT I'VE GOT IN MY **BASKET** THIS TIME?

GEE, MR. CABEZ! YOU DON'T LOOK SO **GOOD**!

AIN'T YUH FEELIN' WELL, MR. CABEZ?

MR CABEZ IS SILENT FOR A MOMENT! THEN HE SHRUGS AND CONTINUES ON TOWARD THE GENERAL STORE...

GEE! HE GOT SUCH A FUNNY LOOK WHEN I ASKED HIM IF HE FELT WELL!

HE MUST BE SICK!

GEE! MAYBE HE'S GONNA DIE!



IF HE *DOES*, WE'LL ALL FIND OUT WHAT HE'S GOT IN THAT BASKET!

AW, CUT IT OUT! THAT AIN'T FUNNY!

YEAH! THE POOR GUY CAN'T HELP IT! IT'S A PHOBIA OR SOMETHING WITH HIM! MAYBE HE DON'T TRUST ANYBODY AND HE CARRIES HIS MONEY *WITH* HIM INSTEAD OF PUTTING IT IN THE BANK!



THE USUAL SILENCE GREET'S VINCENT CABEZ AS HE ENTERS THE GENERAL STORE...

HERE'S MY LIST, GEORGE!

SAY! YOU SICK, CABEZ? YOU LOOK PRETTY BAD!



I... I DON'T FEEL WELL, GEORGE! GUESS I'LL STOP BY AND SEE DOC HAWKINS!

YOU BETTER!



WHEN HE LEAVES THE STORE, MR. CABEZ CROSSES OVER TO DOC HAWKINS' HOUSE...

DOCTOR HAWKINS! I MUST SEE YOU!

COME IN, VINCENT! COME IN!



AFTER AN HOUR, VINCENT COMES OUT OF THE DOCTOR'S HOUSE AND GOES ON HOME! A WEEK PASSES! THEN... ONE DAY...

HEY! LOOK! HERE COMES MR. CABEZ!

HE HE LOOKS DIFFERENT!

HE AIN'T PALE NO MORE!

GEE! HE'S ALL BETTER! HE AIN'T GONNA DIE AFTER ALL!



AS MR CABEZ APPROACHES THE CHILDREN, THEY GATHER AROUND HIM SMILING... CHATTERING... TUGGING AT HIS COAT...

WHAT'S IN YOUR BASKET TODAY, MR. CABEZ?

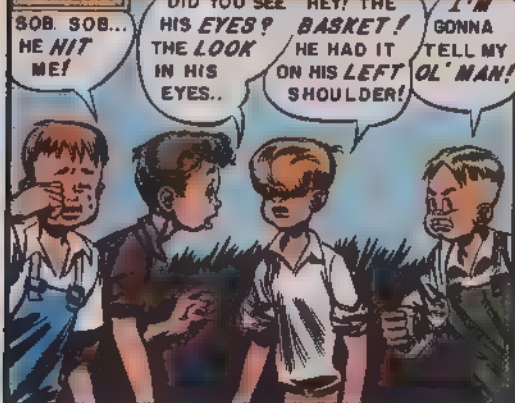
TELL US, MR. CABEZ!

OUT OF MY WAY... BRATS!

OWW!



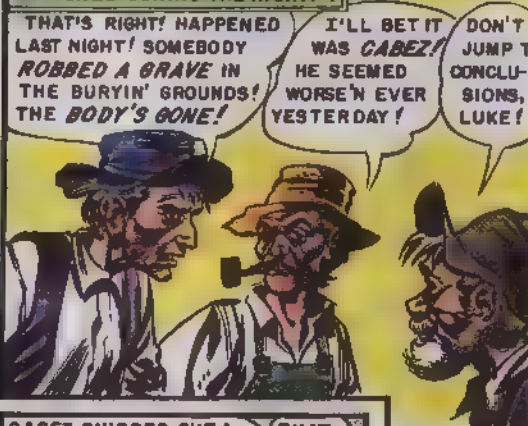
THE CHILD THAT MR. CABEZ HAS STRUCK BEGINS TO CRY! THE OTHERS STAND DUMFOUNDED, WATCHING MR. CABEZ DISAPPEAR INTO THE GENERAL STORE...



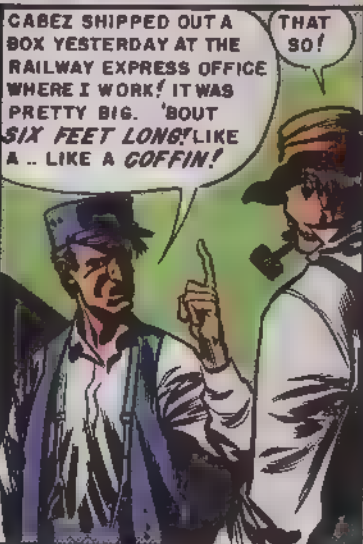
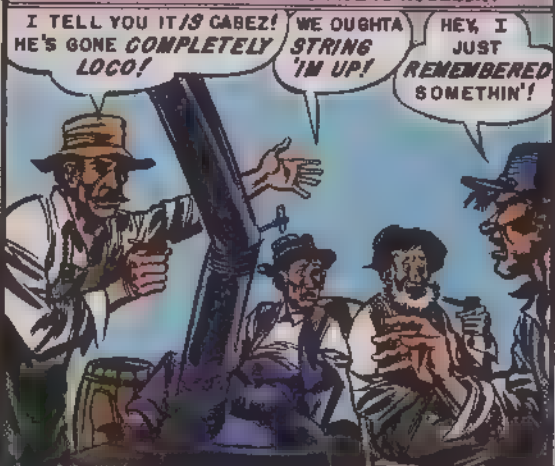
AND INSIDE THE GENERAL STORE...



BUT THE NEXT MORNING, THE TOWNSFOLK ARE ALL WHISPERING ABOUT THE TERRIBLE THING THAT HAD HAPPENED DURING THE NIGHT...



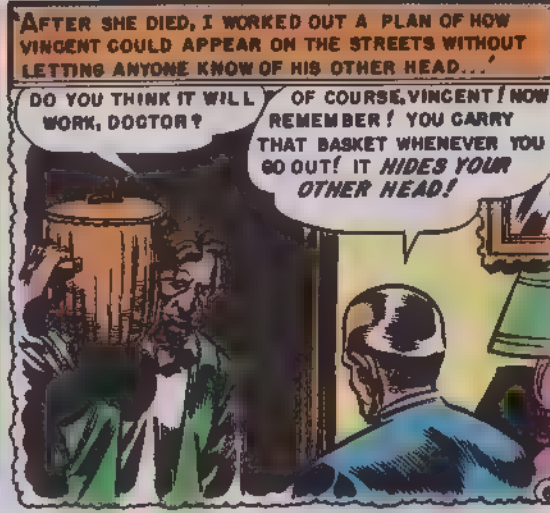
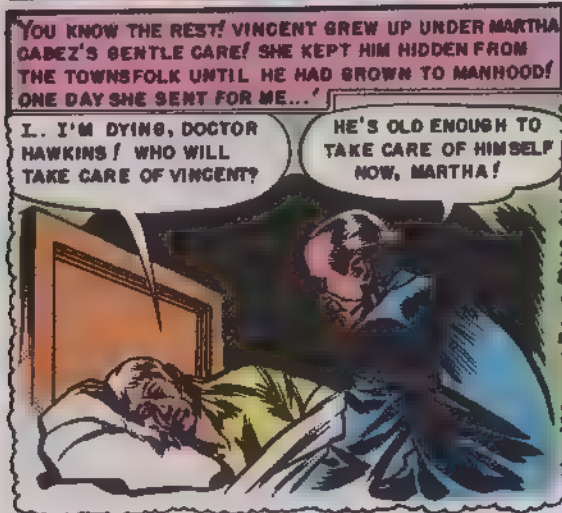
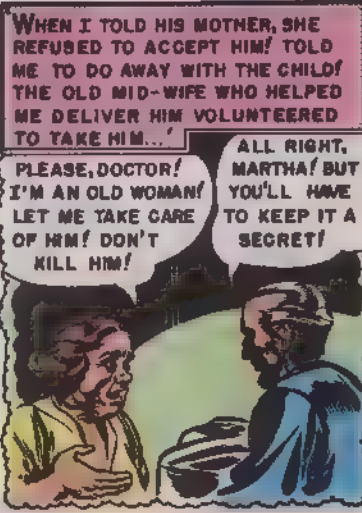
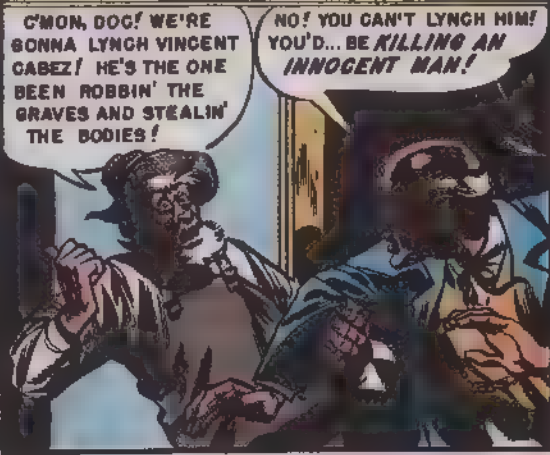
THE SECOND NIGHT ANOTHER GRAVE IS ROBBED...



SOON AN ANGRY MOB IS MOVING UP MAIN STREET! MEN WITH MURDER IN THEIR HEARTS! A LYNCH MOB...



THE DOCTOR OPENS THE DOOR TO THE FRANTIC KNOCKING OF ZEKE BLACKMAN...



VINCENT HAD ALWAYS HAD CONTROL OVER HIS OTHER HEAD! HE WAS A GOOD MAN... VINCENT... BUT HIS OTHER HEAD WAS EVIL...

DOCTOR HAWKINS! LOOK AT ME! I HAVEN'T SLEPT A WINK IN FOUR NIGHTS! MY OTHER HEAD IS TRYING TO TAKE OVER MY BODY!

YOU MUST FIGHT IT, VINCENT!



BUT VINCENT COULDN'T FIGHT IT! FINALLY THE OTHER HEAD WON OUT! IT GAINED CONTROL OF VINCENT'S BODY...

OUT OF MY WAY!

OWWWW!



THE OTHER HEAD IS THE REAL CRIMINAL! THE OTHER HEAD IS THE EVIL DOER! BUT YOU CAN'T KILL IT WITHOUT KILLING VINCENT!

WHAT'LL WE DO? THE BOYS MUST BE THERE BY NOW!



ZEKE IS RIGHT! AT THAT MOMENT, THE OTHERS ARE APPROACHING VINCENT CABEZ'S HOUSE! SUDDENLY, THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN! THE MEN STOP IN THEIR TRACKS... HORRIFIED!

WHAT THE...?

GOOD LORD!

HE'S GOT... HE'S GOT TWO...

THE BASKET! THAT'S WHY HE CARRIED THE BASKET!



INDEED... A TWO-HEADED VINCENT STANDS IN THE DOORWAY CONFRONTING THE MEN...

WHAT DO YOU MEN WANT?

PLEASE! FOR GOD'S SAKE! KILL US! KILL US! I CAN'T FIGHT HIM ANY LONGER!



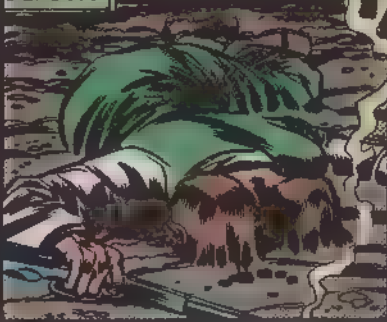
THE LYNCHING PARTY JUST STANDS... EACH MAN ROOTED TO THE GROUND BY THE HORROR OF WHAT HE SEES...

WELL... IF NONE OF YOU WILL KILL US, I WILL!

STOP, YOU FOOL! I COMMAND YOU! STOP!



SUMMONING ALL HIS POWER, THE GOOD HEAD OF VINCENT CABEZ GAINS CONTROL OF THE BODY, SNATCHES A SHOTGUN FROM A TERRIFIED ONLOOKER, AND PULLS THE TRIGGER! TWO SHOTS RING OUT AND THE TWO-HEADED FIGURE SPRAWLS ON THE GROUND... DEAD...

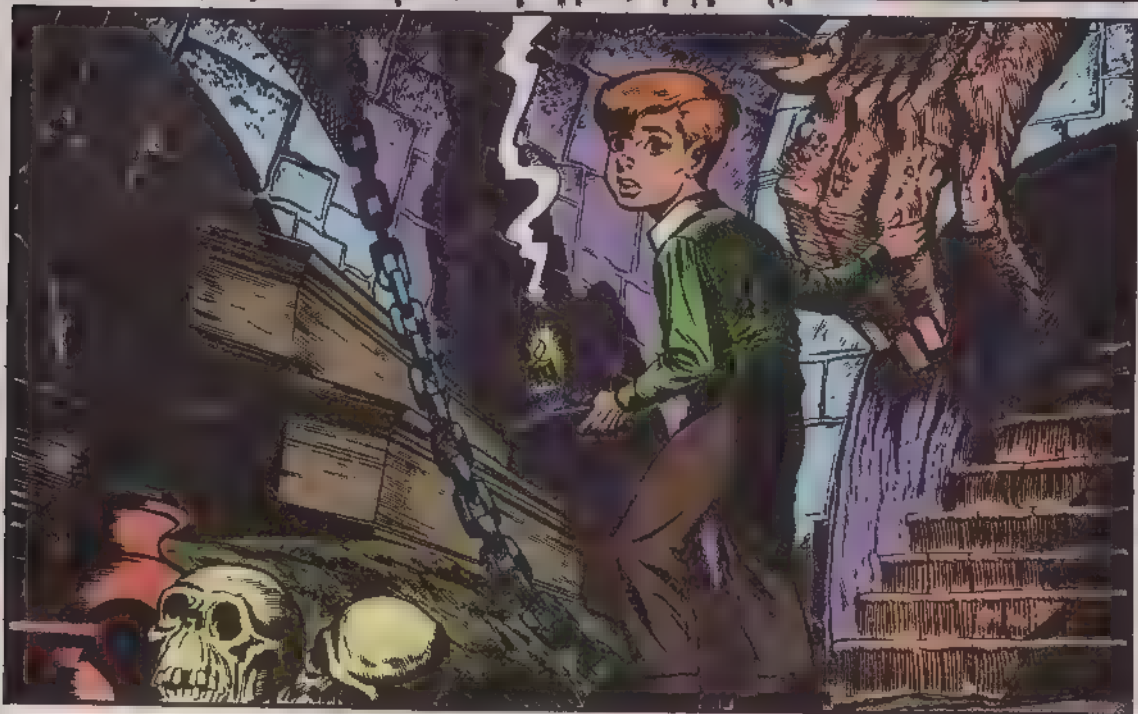


AND THAT'S MY STORY, KIDDIES! I HOPE THIS LITTLE TALE HAS TAUGHT YOU A LESSON! THERE'S ONLY ONE SURE WAY TO SETTLE AN ARGUMENT, IF YOU'VE GOT TWO HEADS! JUST BLOW ONE OF YOUR TOPS! NOW, I RETURN YOU TO THE OLD WITCH!



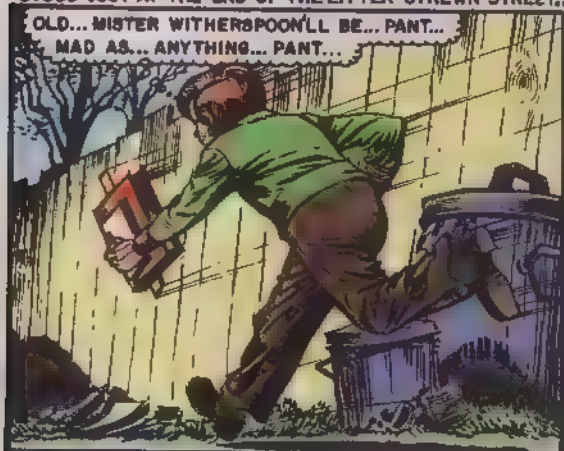
HERE'S A TOUCHING TALE OF...

HORROR IN THE SCHOOL ROOM



ANDY RACED BREATHLESSLY AROUND THE FAMILIAR CORNER! THE DRAB, GLAPBOARD SCHOOL BUILDING STOOD JUST AT THE END OF THE LITTER-STREWN STREET...

OLD... MISTER WITHERSPOON'LL BE... PANT...
MAD AS... ANYTHING... PANT...



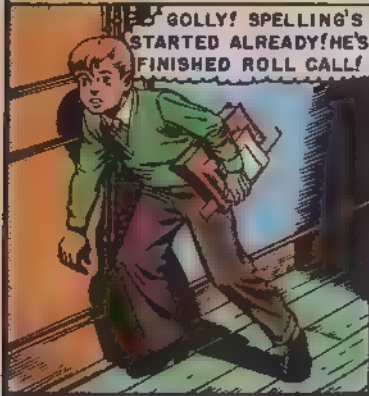
ANDY RAN AS FAST AS HIS LITTLE LEGS COULD CARRY HIM, CLUTCHING HIS SCHOOL BOOKS UNDER HIS ARM! HE RUSHED UP TO THE BIG OAK DOOR OF THE SCHOOL AND PUSHED IT OPEN...

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATE!

FIFTEEN *WHOLE* MINUTES LATE! GOLLY JEEPERB GREEPERS! MISTER WITHERSPOON'LL BE JUST... PANT... **FURIOUS!**



DOWN THE SILENT HALL ANDY HURRIED UNTIL HE CAME TO THE DOOR OF HIS CLASSROOM! HE STOOD OUTSIDE, TRYING TO CATCH HIS BREATH, AND LISTENING.



GOLLY! SPELLING'S STARTED ALREADY! HE'S FINISHED ROLL CALL!

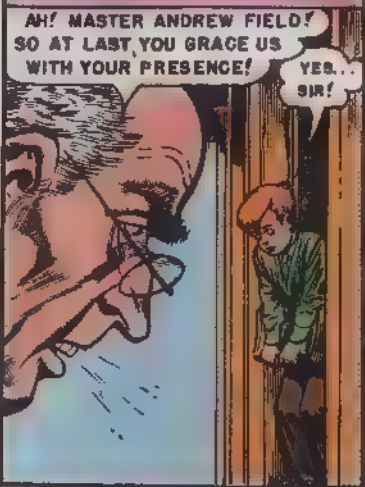
TIMIDLY, ANDY TWISTED THE KNOB AND SWUNG THE DOOR OPEN SLIGHTLY! HE PEERED IN! SILLY MISS JONES SAW HIS FRIGHTENED FACE AND TITTERED...



HMMPH! AND WHAT'S SO FUNNY, MISS JONES?

IT, IT'S ANDY! HIS EYES...

MR. WITHERSPOON SPUN AROUND SO THAT HE FACED THE BOY WHO STOOD SHEEPISHLY IN THE DOORWAY...



AH! MASTER ANDREW FIELD! SO AT LAST YOU GRACE US WITH YOUR PRESENCE!

YES... SIR!

MR. WITHERSPOON'S FACE REDDENED! HIS EYES BULGED! MR. WITHERSPOON WAS GETTING ANGRY...

WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE! WHY ARE YOU LATE? TELL ME! DID YOU MEET YOUR FRIEND AGAIN?



YES, SIR!

AND WHERE WERE YOU THIS TIME?

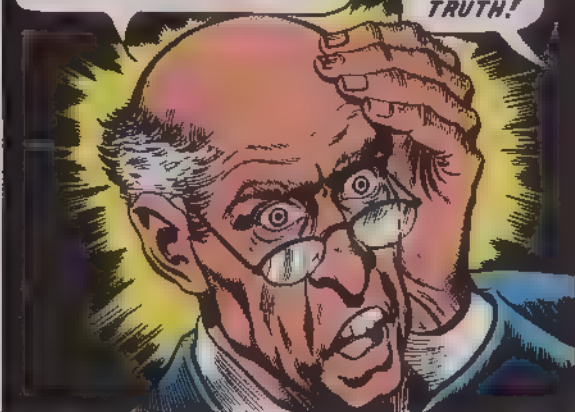


AFGHANISTAN SIR!

MR. WITHERSPOON'S MOUTH EXPLODED ALL OVER HIS FACE AS HE SCREAMED...

LIAR! LIAR...LIAR...LIAR!

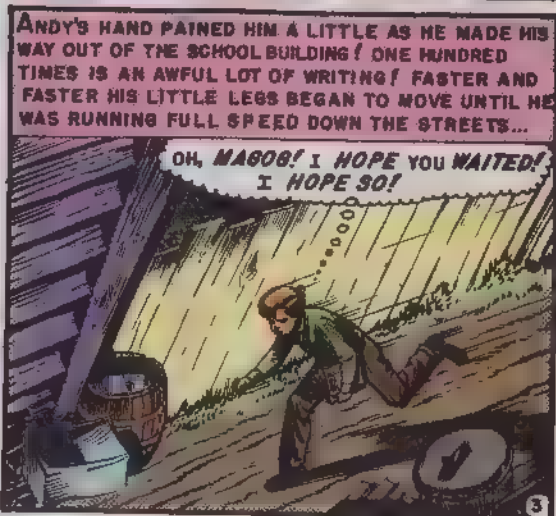
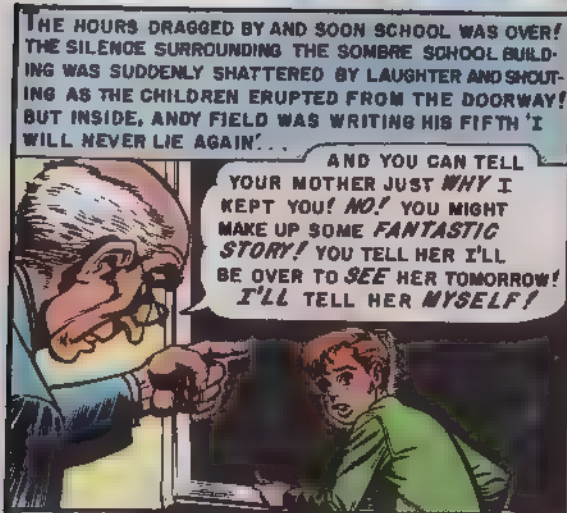
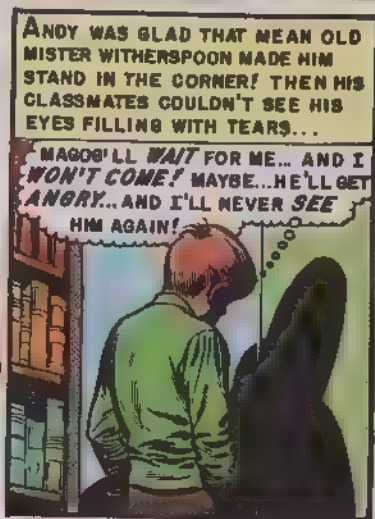
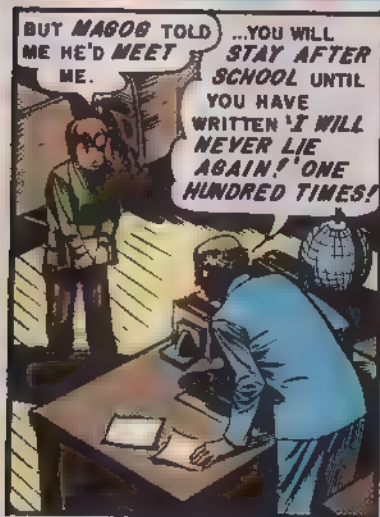
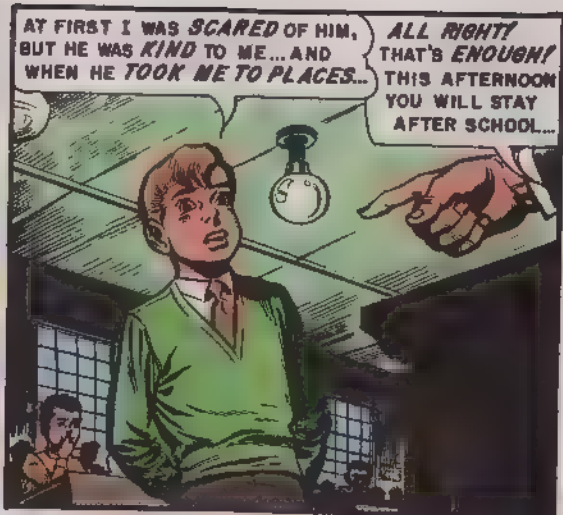
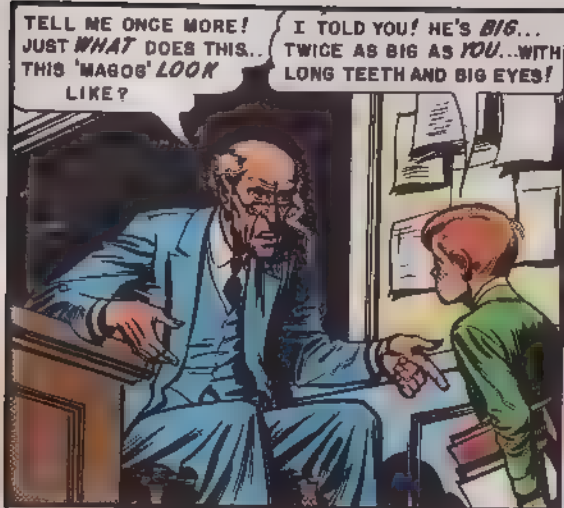
NO, SIR! IT'S THE TRUTH!



YOUNG MAN! THIS IS THE THIRD TIME THIS WEEK YOU'VE BEEN LATE! AND EACH TIME YOU'VE TOLD ME A PURPOSEFUL, DELIBERATE LIE! MONDAY IT WAS CHINA...WEDNESDAY, ITALY...AND NOW, AFGHANISTAN!

BUT I DIDN'T LIE! MADDY TOOK ME THERE... TO ALL THOSE PLACES!





THE NEXT DAY WAS SATURDAY! IN THE AFTERNOON, ANDY'S MOTHER HAD A VISITOR... ANDY'S TEACHER, MR. WITHERSPOON...

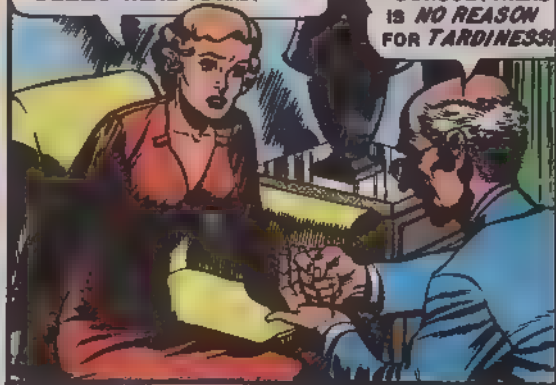


...AND SINCE ANDY HAS NO FATHER, IT *IS* RATHER DIFFICULT, MISTER WITHERSPOON!

I UNDERSTAND, MRS. FIELD, BUT THAT IS NO EXCUSE FOR HIS LYING!

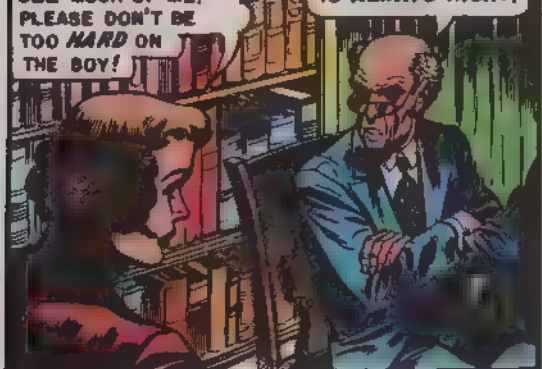
ANDY DOESN'T *MEAN* TO LIE, MISTER WITHERSPOON! IT'S JUST THAT HE HAS A *VIVID IMAGINATION!* THIS... THIS 'MAGOS' PERSON JUST *SEEMS* REAL TO HIM!

BUT HE'S BEEN *CON-*
TINUALLY
LATE FOR SCHOOL! THERE IS NO REASON FOR TARDINESS!



ANDY IS *LONELY*, MR WITHERSPOON! I HAVE TO *WORK* TO MAKE ENDS MEET! HE DOESN'T *SEE* MUCH OF ME! PLEASE DON'T BE TOO *HARD* ON THE BOY!

YOU'RE EXACTLY LIKE EVERY OTHER MOTHER, MRS. FIELD! YOUR LITTLE 'DARLING' IS ALWAYS RIGHT!



WELL, NO STUDENT OF *MINE* LIES TO ME! I HAVE THE RIGHT TO *WHIP* THE BOY. AND THE NEXT TIME HE LIES TO ME, I WILL!

YOU'D *BETTER* NOT, MISTER WITHERSPOON! YOU *BETTER* WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?



LONDON, MOMMY! THERE! MAGOS AND I VISITED *BUCK-*
INGHAM
PALACE!

YOU SEE? HE EVEN LIES TO YOU! PLEASE, MISTER WITHERSPOON!



...AND YOU'D *BETTER* NOT *WHIP* ME, MISTER WITHERSPOON! I TOLD MAGOS ALL ABOUT YOU! YOU KNOW WHAT HE *SAID*?

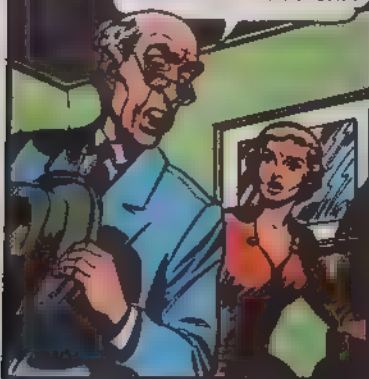


HE SAID IF YOU EVER *HARD* ME, HE'LL COME AND *EAT* YOU UP! THAT'S WHAT HE SAID!



MISTER WITHERSPOON TURNED, PICKED UP HIS HAT, AND...

I THINK YOU UNDERSTAND MY POSITION, MRS. FIELD! GOOD-DAY!



AFTER MR. WITHERSPOON LEFT, MRS. FIELD TOOK ANDY'S HAND...

ANDY! WHAT *AM* I GOING TO *DO* WITH YOU?

WHY, MOMMY? DID I SAY SOMETHING WRONG?



YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE TOLD MISTER WITHERSPOON ABOUT BEING EATEN UP!

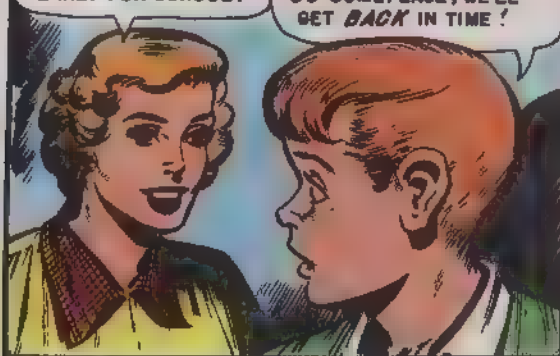
BUT, MOMMY! THAT'S WHAT MAGOG SAID!



MONDAY DAWNED BRIGHT AND CLEAR! JUNE IS SUCH A WONDERFUL MONTH FOR CHILDREN... SO CLOSE TO SUMMER VACATION! ANDY HOPPED OUT OF BED AND DRESSED QUICKLY...

ANDY! YOU'RE AWFULLY EARLY FOR SCHOOL!

I WANT TO BE THEN, IF MAGOG AND I DECIDE TO GO SOMEPLACE, WE'LL GET BACK IN TIME!



BUT, ALAS... IT WAS NINE-THIRTY WHEN ANDY OPENED THE BIG OAK DOOR TO THE SCHOOL...

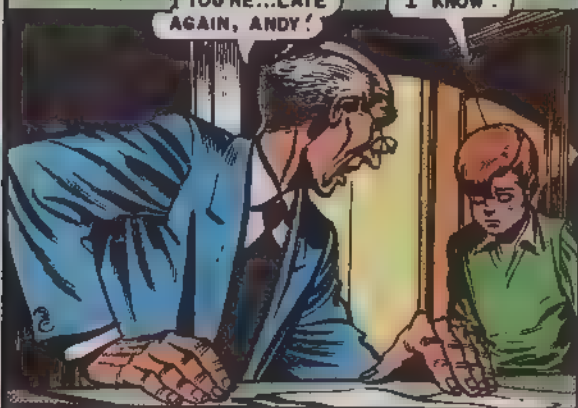
GOLLY! GOLLY GEE! LATE AGAIN...



THERE WAS AN AWKWARD MOMENT OF SILENCE AS ANDY STOOD IN THE DOORWAY OF THE CLASSROOM! ALL EYES WERE UPON HIM AS HE ENTERED! THEN MISTER WITHERSPOON SPOKE...

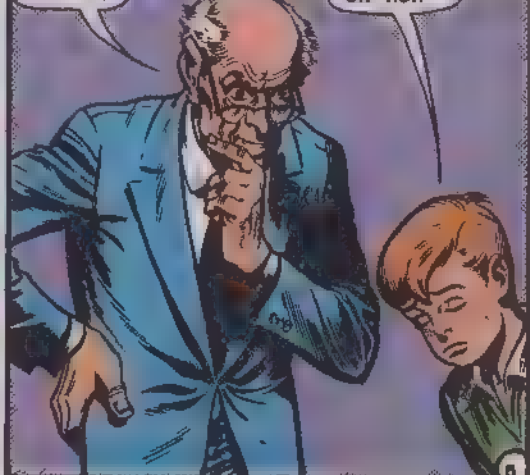
YOU'RE...LATE AGAIN, ANDY!

I KNOW!



MAGOG?

UH-HUH!



MISTER WITHERSPOON REACHED FOR THE GREEN SWITCH! HE HAD CUT JUST THAT MORNING...

WENT SOMEPLACE... DID YOU?

UM-HUH! EGYPT!



ANDY EYED THE SWITCH AS MISTER WITHERSPOON LED HIM TO THE WARDROBE ROOM...

DID YOU SEE THE PYRAMIDS?

UN-HUH! AND THE SPHINX! YOU'RE... NOT GONNA WHIP ME, ARE YOU, MISTER WITHERSPOON?



OF COURSE I AM! I'M GOING TO TEACH YOU... ONCE AND FOR ALL... NOT TO LIE!

BUT MAGOG SAID IF YOU HARM ME, HE'D COME AND EAT YOU UP!



MR. WITHERSPOON LED ANDY INTO THE WARDROBE ROOM! HE LEFT THE DOOR SLIGHTLY AJAR SO THAT THE OTHER CHILDREN COULD HEAR! THAT WOULD ASSERT HIS AUTHORITY! THERE WAS A SHARP SNAP AS THE SWITCH CAME DOWN, AND ANDY WHIMPERED...

HE'S WHIPPIN' HIM!

GOLLY... GEE!



SUDDENLY THE SCHOOLROOM WAS FILLED WITH AN AGONIZING SCREAM...

GRIPES!

WHAT WAS THAT?



THE DOOR TO THE WARDROBE ROOM OPENED AND ANDY CAME OUT! A TEAR RAN SLOWLY DOWN HIS CHEEK...

I TOLD HIM... SOB... THAT MAGOG WOULD COME... AND EAT HIM UP... BUT HE WHIPPED ME ANYWAY!

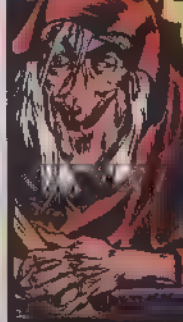


THE OTHER CHILDREN RUSHED FROM THEIR DESKS AND CROWDED AROUND THE WARDROBE ROOM DOOR! ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF MISTER WITHERSPOON WAS HIS RIGHT HAND... STILL CLUTCHING THE SWITCH! IT HAD BEEN CHEWED OFF AT THE WRIST!



HEE! HEE! AND THAT'S MY TALE OF ANDY AND HIS FRIEND, MAGOG! POOR OLD MISTER WITHERSPOON! HE HAD NO IMAGINATION! WELL, NOW HE BELIEVES ANDY! HE'S CONVINCED MAGOG EXISTS! AFTER

ALL, HE'S GETTING THE INSIDE STORY, ISN'T HE? HEE, HEE! NOW, I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO THAT CREEP, THE VAULT KEEPER!

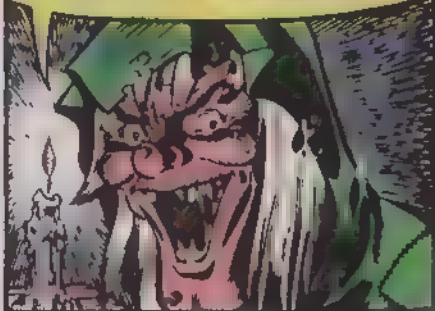


THE VAULT OF HORROR!



PFAN! NOW THAT YOU'VE FINISHED THAT WISHY-WASHY POT OF GOOK THE *OLD WITCH* BREWED FOR YOU, I'M SURE YOU'LL WELCOME A *REAL* HORRIFYING TALE! AND THAT'S JUST WHAT I HAVE PREPARED FOR YOU! SO GET READY, FRIENDS BECAUSE THIS *NERVE-CRACKING* STORY FROM MY PRIVATE LIBRARY TAKES US TO *IRELAND*, AND GIVES US AN OPPORTUNITY TO HEAR THE TERRIFYING WAIL OF *THE*

HOWLING BANSHEE!



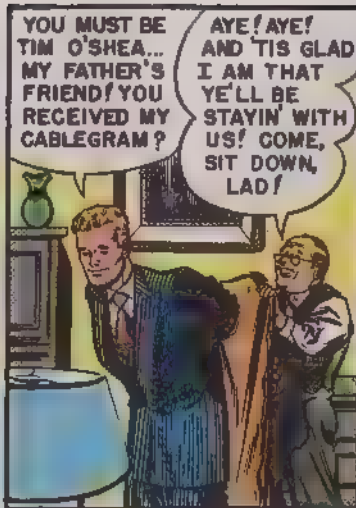
THROUGH THE BLANKET OF FOG THAT ENVELOPED THE LITTLE VILLAGE OF KILDARE IN IRELAND, THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS HERALDED THE APPROACH OF THE STRANGER TO THE COTTAGE DOOR





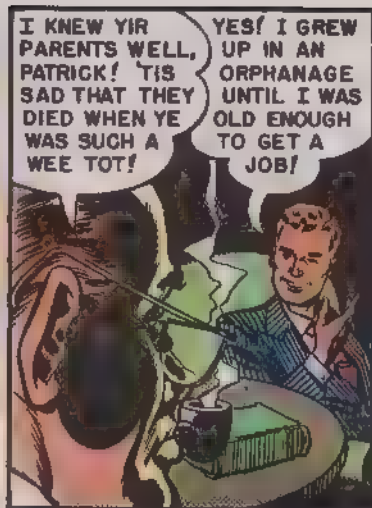
GOOD EVENING!
I'M PAT BRADY...
FROM AMERICA!
ARE YOU...?

WELL!
COME IN,
LAD! COME
IN! 'TIS LONG
THAT WE'VE
WAITED FOR
YE!



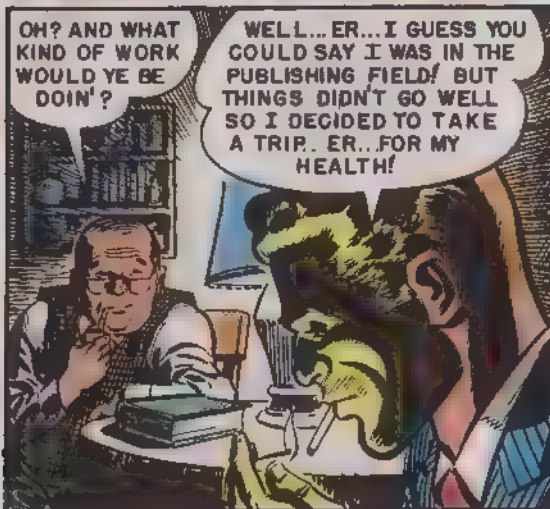
YOU MUST BE
TIM O'SHEA...
MY FATHER'S
FRIEND! YOU
RECEIVED MY
CABLEGRAM?

AYE! AYE!
AND 'TIS GLAD
I AM THAT
YE'LL BE
STAYIN' WITH
US! COME,
SIT DOWN,
LAD!



I KNEW YIR
PARENTS WELL,
PATRICK! 'TIS
SAD THAT THEY
DIED WHEN YE
WAS SUCH A
WEE TOT!

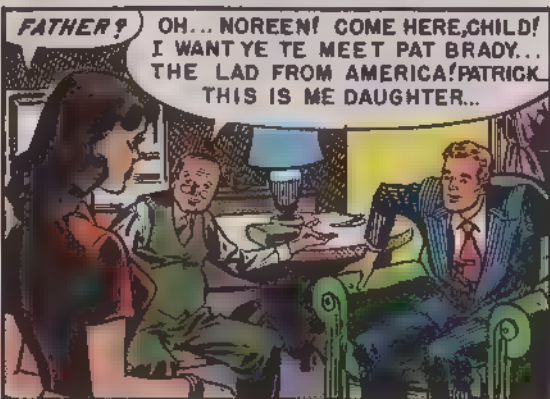
YES! I GREW
UP IN AN
ORPHANAGE
UNTIL I WAS
OLD ENOUGH
TO GET A
JOB!



OH? AND WHAT
KIND OF WORK
WOULD YE BE
DOIN'?

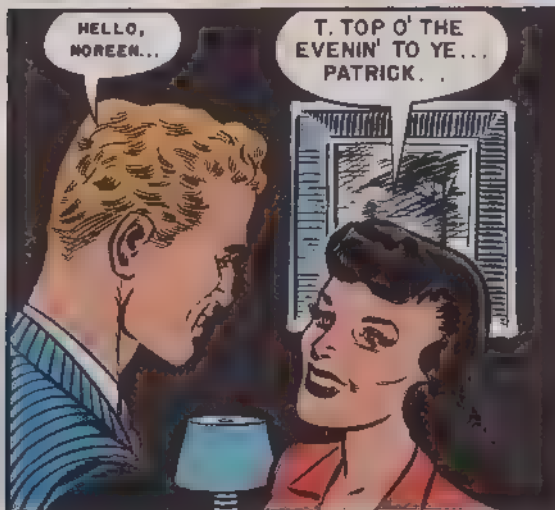
WELL... ER... I GUESS YOU
COULD SAY I WAS IN THE
PUBLISHING FIELD! BUT
THINGS DIDN'T GO WELL
SO I DECIDED TO TAKE
A TRIP... ER... FOR MY
HEALTH!

HEH! HEH! PAT WASN'T ACTUALLY LYING, MIND
YOU... BUT HE DID *STRETCH* THE TRUTH A BIT!
YOU SEE, IN NEW YORK HE HAD BEEN A *BOOKIE*
FOR A HUGE GAMBLING SYNDICATE...



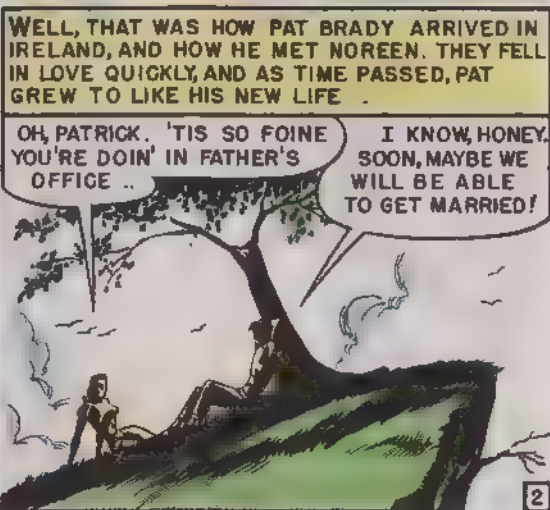
FATHER?

OH... NOREEN! COME HERE, CHILD!
I WANT YE TE MEET PAT BRADY...
THE LAD FROM AMERICA! PATRICK
THIS IS ME DAUGHTER...



HELLO,
NOREEN...

T. TOP O' THE
EVENIN' TO YE...
PATRICK.



WELL, THAT WAS HOW PAT BRADY ARRIVED IN
IRELAND, AND HOW HE MET NOREEN. THEY FELL
IN LOVE QUICKLY, AND AS TIME PASSED, PAT
GREW TO LIKE HIS NEW LIFE.

OH, PATRICK. 'TIS SO FOINE
YOU'RE DOIN' IN FATHER'S
OFFICE...

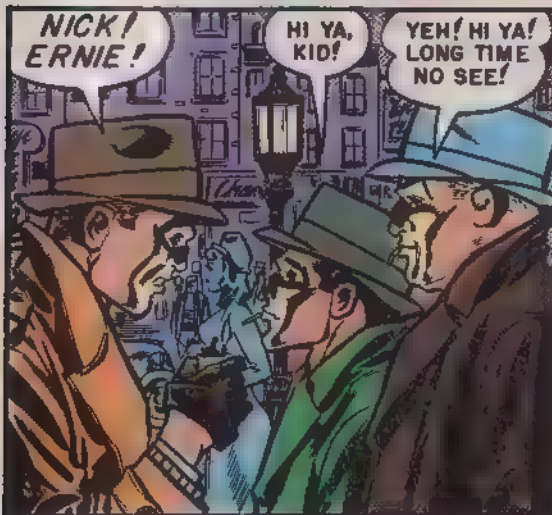
I KNOW, HONEY.
SOON, MAYBE WE
WILL BE ABLE
TO GET MARRIED!

YES, PAT WAS A HAPPY MAN!
THE PEACEFUL CONTENTMENT
HE FELT WAS SUCH A WONDER-
FUL CHANGE FROM THE HECTIC,
FRIGHTENED LIFE HE'D LED
JUST A SHORT WHILE BEFORE!
HEH! BUT HIS HAPPINESS WAS
SHORT-LIVED.



PARDON
ME! GOT A
MATCH?

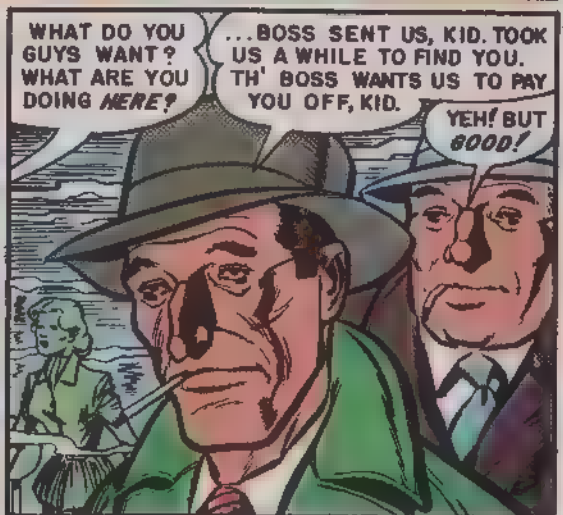
EH?... OH,
SURE!



NICK!
ERNIE!

HI YA,
KID!

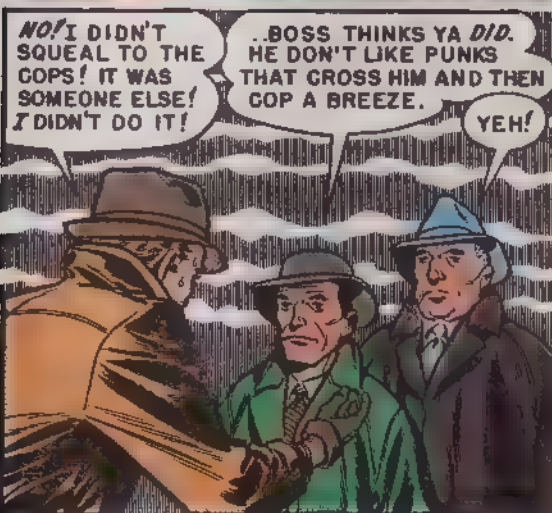
YEH! HI YA!
LONG TIME
NO SEE!



WHAT DO YOU
GUYS WANT?
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING *HERE*?

...BOSS SENT US, KID. TOOK
US A WHILE TO FIND YOU.
TH' BOSS WANTS US TO PAY
YOU OFF, KID.

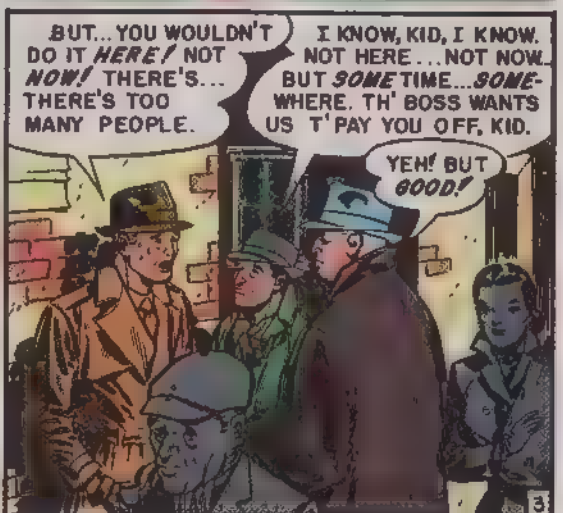
YEH! BUT
GOOD!



NO! I DIDN'T
SQUEAL TO THE
COPS! IT WAS
SOMEONE ELSE!
I DIDN'T DO IT!

..BOSS THINKS YA *DID*.
HE DON'T LIKE PUNKS
THAT CROSS HIM AND THEN
GOP A BREEZE.

YEH!

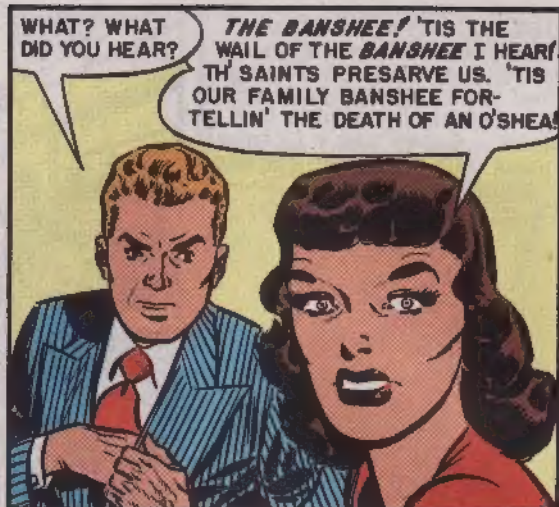


BUT... YOU WOULDN'T
DO IT *HERE*! NOT
NOW! THERE'S...
THERE'S TOO
MANY PEOPLE.

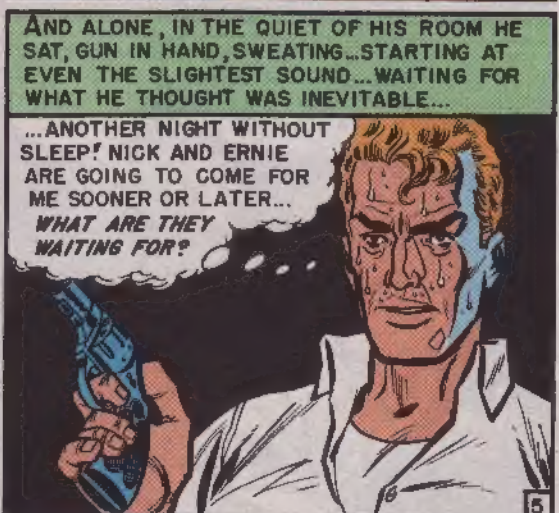
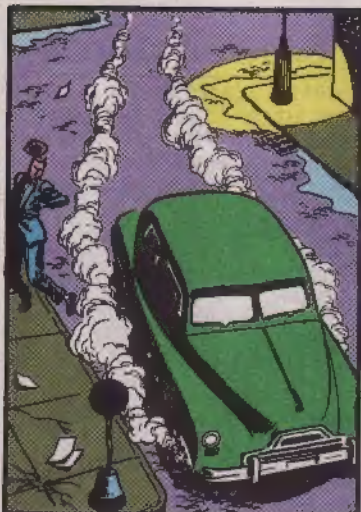
I KNOW, KID, I KNOW.
NOT HERE... NOT NOW.
BUT *SOME TIME... SOME-*
WHERE. TH' BOSS WANTS
US T' PAY YOU OFF, KID.

YEH! BUT
GOOD!

FROM THAT MOMENT ON, PAT WAS A DIFFERENT MAN. FEAR CROWDED HIS EVERY HOUR, AND DEATH FOLLOWED HIS EVERY STEP! ONE EVENING...



IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED,
PAT BRADY LED A HECTIC LIFE...



HEH! HEH! BY THE TIME PAT'S WEDDING DAY ARRIVED, HE WAS A NERVOUS WRECK! I'VE SEEN JITTERY BRIDEGROOMS, BUT HE WAS WORSE THAN ANY! HE WAS SURE NICK AND ERNIE WOULD BE MEAN ENOUGH TO FINISH THEIR JOB BEFORE THE DAY WAS OVER...



...BUT *NOTHING* HAPPENED!

WHAT A HONEYMOON! I'M SO ON EDGE I CAN'T STAY PUT!

AYE! AND I, TOO, AM THE SAME!



THIS WAITING IS DRIVING ME CRAZY! IF IT LASTS MUCH LONGER, I'LL CRACK!

YOU'RE ON EDGE? WHAT'VE YOU GOT TO BE JITTERY ABOUT?



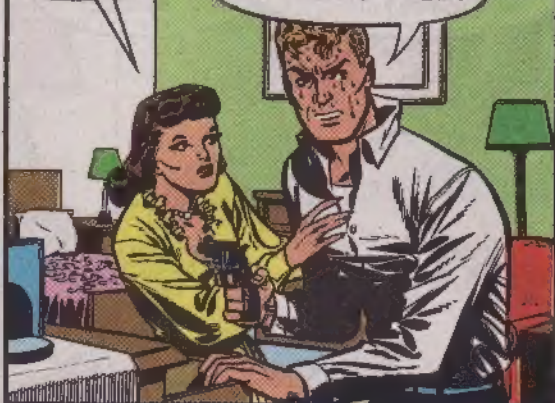
'TIS THE BANSHEE OI'M THINKIN' OF!

BANSHEE! BANSHEE! YOU AND YOUR COCK-EYED BANSHEE! YOU LITTLE IDIOT! DON'T YOU KNOW MY LIFE IS IN DANGER? WAIT! I HEARD A NOISE!



WHAT IS IT? YOU LOOK SO FRIGHTENED!

IT'S NICK AND ERNIE! THEY'VE COME TO KILL ME! THEY'RE OUTSIDE THE HOUSE! I...I HEARD THEM!



WELL, I'M READY FOR THEM! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS! I'LL GO MEET THEM! I'LL BLOW THEIR BRAINS OUT!

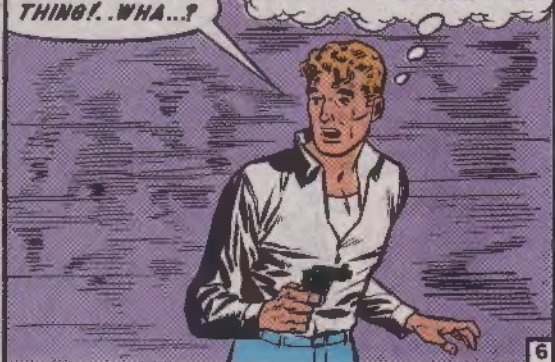
PATRICK! DON'T GO! PLEASE! WAIT!



OUT INTO THE SILENT DARKNESS WENT PAT. MOVING QUIETLY THROUGH THE FOLIAGE, HE LISTENED INTENTLY FOR ANY SOUND...

...BLASTED FOG! CAN'T SEE A THING!..WHA...?

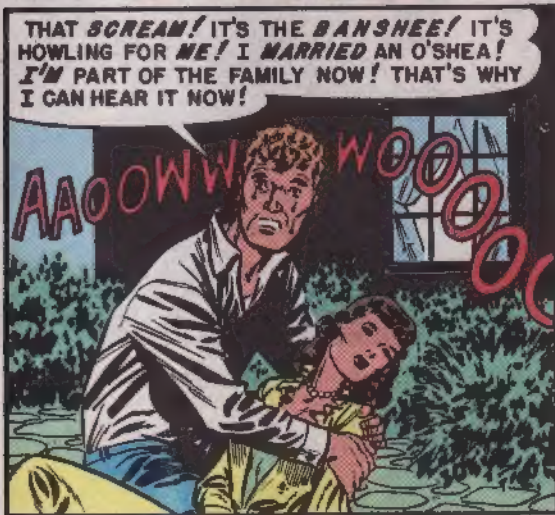
BEHIND ME! SOMEONE'S MOVING UP BEHIND ME!





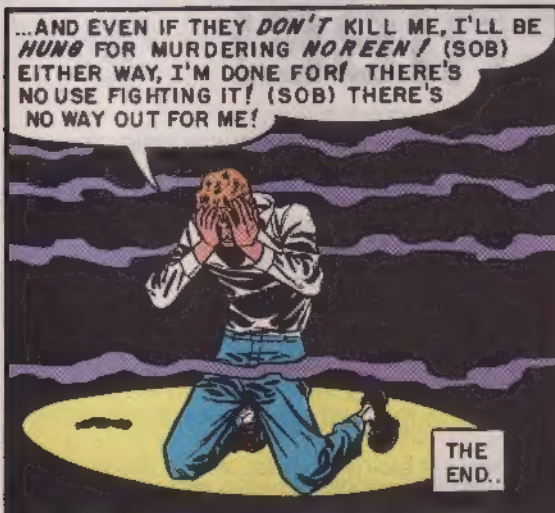
NOREEN!

SHE'S DEAD! I KILLED HER! THE BANSHEE WAS RIGHT! IT DID WARN HER THAT AN O'SHEA WOULD DIE! WHA...?



THAT SCREAM! IT'S THE BANSHEE! IT'S HOWLING FOR ME! I MARRIED AN O'SHEA! I'M PART OF THE FAMILY NOW! THAT'S WHY I CAN HEAR IT NOW!

NICK! AND ERNIE! THEY'RE GOING TO KILL ME! THE BANSHEE'S WARNING ME!



HEH! HEH! I THINK THAT STORY WAS A HOWLING SUCCESS, DON'T YOU? WAIL, WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO? THE O'SHEA BANSHEE CERTAINLY CALLED THAT SHOT! POOR NOREEN. SHE DIDN'T HAVE MUCH OF A MARRIAGE! JUST A SHORT SHRIEK-END! WELL, I'LL BE LURKING FOR YOU IN MY OWN MAGAZINE, THE VAULT OF HORROR! COME VISIT WITH ME, EH? HEH! HEH! HEH!

IF YOU LIKE THIS STORY AND THE OTHER STORIES IN THIS BOOK, WON'T YOU WRITE US? ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO:

HAUNT
RUSS COCHRAN
POB 489
WEST PLAINS MO 65776

THE
END..